



R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKE FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

H. A. M'PIKE, Publisher.

VOLUME 1.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1867.

NUMBER 29

THE Cambria Freeman

WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, in Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

At the following rates, payable within three months from date of subscribing:

One copy, one year, \$2 00
One copy, six months, 1 00
One copy, three months, 50

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GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES! TO CASH BUYERS!

AT THE EBENSBURG HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE!

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will consist, in part, of Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves, of the most popular kinds; Tinware of every description, of my own manufacture; Hardware of all kinds, such as Locks, Hinges, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Sash Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Shavers, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chisels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasp, Anvils, Vices, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Saws, and all kinds of Tools, Axes, Sleighs, Belts, Shoe Lasts, Rogues, Wax Brushes, Clothes Wringers, Grand Stoves, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, &c., Old Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing; Harness and Saddlery Ware of all kind; Wooden and Willow Ware in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Ham, Bacon, Crackers, Rice and Pearl Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse Shoe, Dusters, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Towel Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Covers and Mattilla Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.
House Sporting made, painted and put up at low rates for cash. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware wholesale.
GEO. HUNTLEY
Ebensburg, Feb. 28, 1867.

CURTAIN FIXTURE!

It is pronounced faultless by all who have used it, and it is predicted that it will supersede all other Curtain Fixtures now in use. For sale by GEO. HUNTLEY.

NOTICE.—All persons knowing themselves indebted to me by note or book account of over six months standing, are requested to pay up within thirty days of this date, or they will find their accounts in the hands of an officer for immediate collection. A strict compliance with this notice will save costs.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, June 20, 1867.

FRANK W. HAY, Wholesale and Retail Manufacturer, of TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON Ware, Canal street, below Clinton, Johnstown, Pa. A large stock constantly on hand.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH.—For beauty of polish, saving of labor and cheapness, this preparation is truly unrivalled. Buy no other. For sale by GEO. HUNTLEY.

12 DOZ. WOODEN BETTER BOWLS just received and for sale low for cash at Feb. 28.] GEO. HUNTLEY'S.

GOOD TRUNKS AND VALISES, for sale low at G. HUNTLEY'S.

THE JOHNSTOWN DRUG HOUSE!

HAS IN STORE THE LARGEST STOCK OF DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS and VARNISHES,

Glue, Putty, Alcohol, DYES and DYESTUFFS,

TURPENTINE, WHITE LEAD, PAINTS, Glassware, Druggists' Sundries, &c.,

EVER OFFERED IN THE COUNTY! FOR SALE AT WHOLESALE CITY PRICES!

Agent for the sale of all the POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES IN THE MARKET.

In our stock of PERFUMERY, POMADES, COSMETICS, TOILET ARTICLES, &c., WE DEFY COMPETITION!

C. T. FRAZER, June 20, 1867-ly. JOHNSTOWN, PA.

LORETTO DRUG STORE.

Now on hand, a large and well selected stock of fresh DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Paints, Oils and Varnishes, Pure and Unadulterated Liquors,

for medicinal purposes, TOBACCO AND CIGARS,

Wall Paper and Window Shades, all styles, LAMPS AND CHIMNEYS,

BURNERS AND WICKS, And a good article of REFINED PETROLEUM Also, a large supply of White Lead, Putty, Window Glass, &c.

ALWAYS ON HAND, PERFUMERY & TOILET ARTICLES, INCLUDING HAIR, NAIL AND TOOTH BRUSHES, Combs, Toilet and Tooth Preparations, LUBIN'S AND PHALON'S EXTRACTS, Soaps, Fancy Goods, &c.

A FULL LINE OF STATIONERY. As my medicines are warranted of a pure quality, I am prepared to fill Prescriptions with accuracy and dispatch, at all hours of the day or night. Open on Sunday for the sale of medicines. A. J. CHRISTY. Loretto, June 27, 1867-3m

IMPORTANT TO EVERYBODY.

A "NEW WRINKLE" IN EBENSBURG!

JOHN D. THOMAS Takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Ebensburg and the north of the county generally, that he has recently added to his stock a large and complete assortment of SHOES, BUSKINS, GAITERS, &c., For Ladies' and Children's Wear, from the celebrated wholesale manufacturing establishment of Ziegler & Sutton, Philadelphia. This stock comprises everything that is desirable and serviceable in the way of custom-made sewed work, and every article is warranted of the best material and most perfect manufacture. In the sale of these goods the subscriber pledges himself to repair free of charge any article that may give way after a reasonable time and reasonable usage. The ladies are especially invited to call and examine the stock.

The subscriber also keeps on hand and is prepared to manufacture to order BOOTS and SHOES for Gent's and Youth's wear, of the very best material and workmanship, and at prices as reasonable as like work can be obtained anywhere. French Calf, Common Calf, Morocco and all other kinds of Leather constantly on hand.

Store on Main street, next door to Crawford's Hotel. Feb. 21-4f.

HOLLIDAYSBURG!

JACOB M. PIRCHER, FASHIONABLE CLOTHIER & TAILOR,

Has just opened a full assortment of well-selected and most desirable SPRING & SUMMER GOODS.

Gents and Boys furnished with CLOTHING, HATS, SHOES, &c., of the latest styles and best material, at the LOWEST CASH PRICES.

A VARIETY OF PIECE GOODS, which will be sold by the yard or made to order in the most approved manner.

Having given full satisfaction to his customers for more than TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, he guarantees the same to all who may favor him with their patronage in the future.

Store on the west side of Montgomery street, below Blair, next door to Masonic Hall, Hollidaysburg, Pa. [my23.1y.]

ROBERT E. JONES, Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa., Dealer in Lumber. The highest prices in Cash, paid for CHERRY, POPLAR, ASH and LIND LUMBER.

IF you want to buy goods on long credit and pay big prices, don't go to Feb. 28. GEO. HUNTLEY'S.

ROPE for Patent Hay Forks can be had low for cash at HUNTLEY'S.

Original Poetry.

LINES Written on the Anniversary of Mrs. Sarah Luckett, who died August 11th, 1866.

BY LINNET.

She resteth now, and the quiet heart Will never again know pain; She lieth low, for the reaper, Death, Has gathered the golden grain.

She heard his solemn and warning tread, And, ripe for Heaven, bowed down her head.

She sacrificed for the light of truth The faith of her childhood's days— All earthly ties and all human hopes, The wealth of the world, its praise— And deemed the offering incomplete, Till life was laid at her Master's feet.

She resteth now, and the blessed thought Will tenderly dry the tears That of may rise from our lonely hearts For her in the coming years.

We know not now, but we yet may know How great the mercy that tries us so.

We fix our hearts on the things of earth, They pass like the fleeting waves: Our treasures fade, and they leave us naught To love but their silent graves.

We learn at last to what fragile things The human heart in its weakness clings.

Then stretching forth, like a weary child, Our hands to the port of rest, And looking up with a longing gaze To Him who can aid us best, We journey onward, and hope to see The friends we love in eternity.

Original Correspondence.

MACSHANE IN WASHINGTON. LETTER NUMBER EIGHT.

HON. THADDEUS STEVENS.

This distinguished gentleman, who furnishes the brains for the Rump, deserves something more than an ordinary notice. He is the "Great Commoner" in a body of very common men—the man of "iron will" where so many depend on their brass—the great embodiment of the disembodied Congress, which now shows only a Rump.

Thaddeus Stevens was born in Vermont, emigrated to Pennsylvania at an early age, and settled at Gettysburg, where he taught school and studied law. About 1834, if memory serves me, he was elected to the State Legislature. He was soon distinguished for his thrilling eloquence and unequalled power of invective.

Prominent in his legislative career was his bold and persistent efforts in favor of a general system of education. This affords the bright spot in his career—the only measure upon which he can venture on posterity with safety to his good name. Apart from this, his declamatory powers were such as to render him an invaluable leader for a minority, or attacking party.

Ritter was elected Governor in 1835, the democrats having divided on Wolf and Muhlenberg. The same causes that elected an Anti-Masonic (that was the name of our opponents then) Governor, gave the same party a majority in the Legislature. Thus placed in power, Stevens appears in a new role, as the leader and mouthpiece of the new State administration. Here his talents were tried, and here he failed.

His first measure was to reveal the secrets of Free Masonry. He had sought initiation into the *sanctum* of the "brethren of the mystic tie," but as he labored under the physical defect of a club foot, he could not work, so he was rejected. Eternal war against the "blood-stained order" (as he called it) was the consequence.

He got an Investigating Committee, with himself as its chairman—something like his present Reconstruction Committee—which constituted itself a Star Chamber, and in mid-winter hauled every Free Mason of prominence to Harrisburg to testify as to the secrets of Masonry. The hardships endured by these citizens can be better appreciated when it is understood that at this time we had no railroads to Harrisburg, and the unfortunate Masons had to reach that place through the snow-drifts as best they could.

Stevens' warfare upon the Free Masons was singularly like his present warfare upon the South. His theory and aim then was to render Masonry odious—to confiscate the property of the lodges, and to prevent Masons from voting and holding office! But the whole thing proved, as every man not blinded by passion saw it would prove, a miserable abortion—a Quixotic adventure that only brought ridicule upon the "drill sergeants," as Stevens was then called, and his friends. Thus failed his first great measure!

His next was equally unsuccessful, and much more disastrous. The United States Bank had been shorn of its corrupting power by General Jackson—Congress had refused to renew its charter, and the "monster," as it was called, was considered as dead. Stevens, by reaching the pockets of certain members of the Legislature, galvanized the defunct institution into a new existence as the United States Bank of Pennsylvania. Sudden fortunes were made by those in the "ring," and after a short, spasmodic existence, the Bank collapsed, beggaring thousands of widows and orphans, whose all was deposited in its vaults. And while many legislators increased their pile hugely, Nick Biddle, its President, was compelled to retreat to An-

dalusia, where, loathed and detested, he ended his wretched existence.

In 1836 delegates were elected to amend the Constitution of Pennsylvania, and Stevens was chosen from Adams county. One of the amendments was the incorporation of the word "WHITE" in the new Constitution, which Stevens opposed with all the bitterness of his nature. Nay, such was his hostility to the word *white*, that when the Constitution came to be signed by its framers, he refused to put his name to it. And while the name of every other delegate stands recorded with the Constitution, the name of Thaddeus Stevens is not there.

In 1838 the Anti-Masons renominated Gov. Ritter, while David R. Porter was placed in nomination by the Democrats. This was the most bitter and virulent campaign ever known to the people of Pennsylvania. Stevens was appointed Canal Commissioner, and determined, by the force of the immense power yielded by the Board, to elect Ritter. Fraud and corruption ran riot, but it did not avail, for Porter was elected by some 10,000 majority. Counseled by Stevens, the leaders of the Anti-Masonic party determined not to submit to the will of the majority.

I furnish you with an original letter of Thaddeus Stevens, written at this time, which has "never before been published." You can retain it for inspection by the curious. The Democrats may want to see the autograph of the greatest revolutionist this country ever produced, and the Radicals can have a sight of a thirty year old letter of their "Great Commoner!"

HARRISBURG, Oct. 29, 1838.

Dear Sir—We have not been outvoted but outbought. We will take all the patronage from the Governor and protect our friends. We have determined to contest the Governor's election. Pray ascertain all the fraudulent and irregular cases of election in your county. Petitions will be sent to all the counties for our friends to sign to investigate, and if we get a fair Committee, I have no doubt we can vacate the election. Gov. Ritter has received 123 or 4 thousand votes, and I am sure that is 10,000 majority of all the votes actually polled. False returns have done the rest. I wish you could be here on the 10th of next month, when we wish a consultation of our leading friends.

Your friend, THADDEUS STEVENS.

At the same time the celebrated Anti-Masonic circular was issued broadcast over the State, urging the faithful to "reat the election as if it had never taken place, and, in that attitude, calmly abide the result." It was apparent to every thinking man that treason was on foot, and the meeting of the Legislature developed its extent and character.

The Legislature convened on the 10th of December, 1838. The minority return judges of Philadelphia had refused to meet with the majority, but met clandestinely and gave the certificate of return to the Stevens' members. This made their number 52, instead of 42, their real force. The democrats had 48 without Philadelphia, and 58 with it. The democratic members from Philadelphia had been elected according to the returns, admitted by all to be legal, by over 1,000 majority.

The plan of the traitors was to secure the organization of the House, (they had the Senate,) and then the success of their treason was sure. Accordingly, Ritter's Secretary read the names of the defeated members from Philadelphia, who came forward to be sworn. This the democrats resisted, and with the legally elected members from Philadelphia, proceeded to organize the House by electing Hopkins, of Washington, Speaker, while the Stevens' men elected Cunningham, of Mercer, Speaker of the Rump.

This was the emergency Stevens had anticipated and provided for. An insurrection was declared to exist—the military were called out on a requisition, and large military supplies were demanded, prominently among which was the article of buckshot, which gave its name to the struggle, and which has since been known as the "Buckshot war."

The democrats adopted the expedient of their forefathers of the revolution, and appointed a "Committee of Safety," in view of the apparent cessation of the functions of Government, of which Joseph Newbold, of Philadelphia, was President.

These were dark days, indeed, for Pennsylvania. The most gloomy forebodings pervaded the public mind. That the streets of our capital should be encircled with the blood of our people seemed imminent. But the "sober second thought of the people" came to the rescue. The awful perils of the hour induced thought—cool, dispassionate reflection. A number of the Anti-Masons, who had been deluded into Stevens' scheme, began to report their mistake.

One of these, Montelius, of Union, sought an interview with Stevens and frankly told him that his conscience would no longer permit him to hold out against the legal organization of the House. "Throw conscience to the devil," was the characteristic reply of the arch-traitor, as he passed his victim with a scowl.

Strom, of Lancaster, an honest and conservative member of the same party, refused longer to bind himself to the subversion of the government. And while the more honest of the Anti-Masons were becoming disgusted and alarmed at the treason to which they had been made a party, Stevens had to contend with an element still more dangerous to his schemes. The PEOPLE began to assemble around the capitol, and while no violence, not

even a menace, betrayed their purpose, there was a determination in their looks, a seriousness in their bearing, which appalled the leaders of the concerted treason. And shortly afterwards, on the occasion of some disturbance, Stevens and one or two of his co-conspirators made their escape by an ignoble leap from the back window of the chamber.

He concealed himself in the shrubbery of the capitol grounds until a late hour. One of his confederates sought the same retreat, when Stevens thinking him one of the avengers, implored most piteously for mercy, when his friend informed him that he himself was a slave from the same power. How true is it that "The wicked flee when no one pursueth."

This was the end of the troubles. The Stevens House dissolved itself, were received into the regular House, and law and order resumed their sway. The only exception to this was Stevens himself. He refused, and withdrew, declaring himself the legal House; but his ambitious hopes were blasted, and he retired from politics for a time, brooding on the ignominy of his defeat.

But he was "played out" in Adams county. He was used up with his political friends, and even his party was running down from a majority to a minority party in that county. He removed to Lancaster, and for several years we heard little of him outside of his profession. Like Micah wher, he was waiting for "something to turn up," and something *did* turn up.

The Know-Nothing party, an organization destined to galvanize so many putrid bodies into new existence, became an institution in the land. Stevens, who had outgrown his horrors of secret societies, "went in." Nor was his cloven foot any impediment—the Satanic semblance only made him more popular with these Knights of the Night. This lever soon raised him into notice again, and he was elected to Congress—a position which he has held until the present time.

In Congress the same bold, vindictive and unscrupulous course that marked his early legislative career, continues to distinguish him. And as he was then so is he now—THE LEADER. Though the power of his early eloquence has failed, he hurls at his opponents and his refractory friends the same bitter invective, the same burning irony, as in his palmist days. He always commands attention when he speaks, for, though few love him, all fear him. When he rises in debate, his best description is that given by Milton to Satan:

Their dread commander, he above the rest In shape and gesture proudly eminent, Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost All its original brightness, nor appeared Less than archangel ruined; but his face Deep scars of thunder had entrenched, and

Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows Of dauntless courage and considerate pride, Waiting revenge, cruel his eye, but cast Signs of remorse and passion to behold The fellows of his crime, the followers rather.

He differed from Lincoln and his friends in the war. They contended it was for the preservation of the Union—he that it was for the subjugation of the South. During the war he was in a minority—now he has Congress with him, and if the people elect members of Congress holding the Lincoln theory, he is opposed to admitting them. In short, as in 1838, so in 1867, having obtained power, he is in favor of retaining it at all hazards! Whether he will be able to revolutionize the country, or whether, as in the Buckshot war, it will prove an abortion, time will show.

In private life Mr. Stevens is a contradiction. He has never made a profession of religion, yet he is a model of temperate living. He has never been married, and has no ties to connect him with the future of his country, which may account for his recklessness as to her future interests. He is about 70 years of age, and his greatest avowed regret is that he cannot live long enough to sufficiently punish the whites of the South.

He differs somewhat from Greeley and Gerrit Smith. They appear to be governed by a spirit of philanthropy—he is controlled by misanthropy. They love the negro—he does not, (with perhaps a single exception,) but he hates the whites.

He is a born Revolutionist. Had he lived in France at the time of the French Revolution, Robespierre would have been but a secondary character, and Stevens would have "borne away the palm."

I have taken considerable space to this sketch of Mr. Stevens, as he is just now the greatest power in the country. The Rump Congress, representing only a portion of the country but making laws for the whole, has absorbed the powers of the Executive and Judiciary Departments of the Government, and Thaddeus Stevens controls the Rump Congress.

MACSHANE.

IN SEASON.—While Helmbold's advertising agent was putting up his mammoth poster in New Haven, Conn., on a large board near a bookstore, a richly dressed young lady, evidently one of the "shoddy," seeing the advertisement, and supposing it to be a circus or concert, stepped into a bookstore where tickets are usually sold to such entertainments, and asked the clerk for "Two tickets to Helmbold's Buchu."

Of course the polite clerk explained the matter as well as possible, and the lady retired amid the suppressed laughter of several "bloods" who were present.

DOBBS AND HIS DIFFICULTIES.

I am no novelist, and have never aspired to be, but I claim to be something of a politician.

If there is a loyal man I believe I am one. I made great sacrifices during the war for my country. I did not go to war because I could not. My private affairs would not permit it. But if one person in the United States of America kept up a more gallant fire in the rear than any other one I am the man. I have been the mark of the Copperheads. And besides it has cost me much domestic trouble.

George Washington Harrison Socrates Clay Dobbs, (that's me) unfortunately married one Amy Amanda Maria Louisa Scraggs, and as old Scraggs was a Democrat, my Amy has been a follower of the old rebel sympathizing Copperheaded Butternut, and at times the climate at "Dobbs' Cottage" became somewhat tropical. But I have borne it all like a Christian.

Old Scraggs has always been too fast for me in argument, but when he came visiting and I held family prayer and got the old reprobate upon his knees I had all the say, and you better believe I poured grape and canister into Fort Sumter, Amy was a beautiful girl, and I married her because I loved her. Some said I married her for "Dobbs' Cottage," but that is a copperhead lie. It is true, her father made us a present of the farm and cottage, but what of that? It was his daughter, and she had a right to it. I was master of the situation until recently. This suffrage question involved me in a very serious difficulty. I had taken special pains to tantalize Amy about copperheads, butternuts and sympathisers, but when this suffrage question came up she gave me hark upon the negro equality question.

I fended the best I could, but found the position was getting untenable, and so I declared straight for equality and went at it upon general equality principles.

I went my whole length and declared for outright equality.

Our people had got patriotic and had admitted the Negroes into the public schools, and I had the honor of moving first in that important step.

One evening a few weeks ago I came home and Amy and I had a set-to on the equality question. The children had been at school that day, and each had a negro next to them. I saw Amy was working her wits, the result of which was an announcement that if the children had to associate with negroes, I should too.

I regarded the threat as an idle boast, and thought no more of it.

A few days after this I identified her that General — and his wife would dine with us. Her eyes sparkled, I knew there was mischief brewing, but I could not force it.

I advised her that the General, his wife and I would be at the cottage at one. And sure enough we were.

And Amy was prepared for us. She had prepared an excellent dinner, and met us at the door to welcome us, announcing at the same time that dinner was ready.

So soon as we were prepared she led the way to the dining room, and to my surprise had spread a large table, and had a saucy old negro by the name of Crow, with his wife and the two children that were seated next to our children at school already at the table. She apologized for her haste in seating her first guests, assuming that she had concluded we were not coming, and then proceeded to formally introduce old Crow and the Crow family generally to the General and wife at brother Crow, sister Crow, master Crow, and little miss Crow.

I felt a good deal like crowing some myself. My legs began to show unmistakable signs of elasticity. I felt as if I could leave out any six negroes in the neighborhood. But I fully comprehended the nature of the situation. The General's wife was about to explode. The General, although an earnest Radical, could not suppress his olfactory from becoming slightly elevated. My Amy was extremely polite, and chatted away apparently in one of her happiest moods. Old Crow sat back with his thumbs in the armbolts of his dilapidated old vest, whilst his wife, with folded arms, was assuming an air of maiden innocence.

Amy handed the General a seat by the wench, which filled up that side of the table, and hurriedly seated the General's wife by old Gums and ivory. Then gathering up the children seated them beside their school fellows, after which she took her seat at the head of the table, and requested me to be seated at the further end to wait upon the guests.

Up to this time I had managed well. But the General's wife arose and remarked that she did not intend to bear the insult further. At this the General flew into a passion, and accused me of purposely arranging an insult. I protested, and accused Amy, and as I did so old Scraggs stepped in. The General remarked, "you old butternut, you are at the bottom of this." My Amy reminded him that that was her home, and no one should insult her father there, and ordered him to leave.

The General called her a dirty huzzy for insulting his wife, and at this old Scraggs hit him with the knot end of a butternut limb. I sprang between them to protect my guest, when old Crow placed the General and I upon an equality. In

the melee the wench assailed the General's wife and the fight became general. Amy in the meantime expostulating a counselling peace.

Finally we all succeeded in resuming our perpendicular positions but Crow, who was just then the special object of charge from the General.

Amy was playing Poochontas, by leaning over the old Crows, and succeeded causing the General to retreat.

She then placed her arms around him and attempted to raise him. I blew up Making a charge upon old manhood, ruined a calf skin.

Mrs. Crow patted me on the back with a chair, whilst the young Crows set up regular down South jubilee.

But I cleaned them out. I did, indeed. The last words I heard from old Crow were, "You're no gemman."

Scraggs enjoyed it. Amy was exceedingly sorry, and could not comprehend what had caused the row. The General and I—were wife were off in a flurry.

And I—I was the maddest and mutest Radical in the State.

I pursued after the General to apologize and explain, and ran into old Crow. He gave me an exhibition of his "manhood," and seeing I was flanked, I wheeled to retreat. In my haste I encountered the wench and over we went.

I partially recovered and started on a fours, when old Crow came to my assistance, and by an attack upon the rear enabled me to make the fastest time record.

As I came down the pavement I discovered a waving handkerchief. It was Amy's.

Scraggs had assumed a belligerent position, and as I passed him, set Crow trotting in the opposite direction. He made good time, but nothing in comparison to what I had done.

Since which time I have been dubbed "Dexter" by Amy and her father, and the least intimation that I intend to vote the Radical ticket, Amy insists upon re-lish a sing her story of the race between Mad hood and Radical. I have partially succeeded in reconciling the General and his wife, but my suggestion to play the same joke on Scraggs and Amy, at their house brought to the General's mind such a vivid recollection of old Crow's muscular powers that he concluded that Negro equality would answer for electioneering—but was a decidedly dangerous proposition by way of practical jokes. I'll do it too.—Ohio Statesman.

REMARKABLE STORY.—In the Art Department at Paris, there is on exhibition some gold embroidery